



THE
HUMOURIST.
BEING
A Choice Collection of SONGS,
Containing,

1. I like the Man whose soaring Soul.
2. Come all ye Buffers gay.
3. Young Strephon, the artful, the dangerous Swain.
4. When Fanny to Woman.
5. Sweet are the Banks, when spring perfumes;
Not the silver doves that fly.
6. Come hither, sweet Susan, and sit down by me.
7. Wou'd you taste the Noon Tide Air.
8. When Lovely Amora disp'ay'd.
9. As near a fount'ains flowery side.
10. As Celia near a fountain lay.
11. Gentle Youth, O tell me why.
12. O'er half the sky the blushing dawn
13. To an arbour of woodbines ye both shall be led.
14. When all the Attic Fire was stid.
15. Brittle substance, light as air,
16. O let me unreserv'd declare.
17. In Sheffield Park there liv'd and dwelt.
18. The Whistling Ploughman hails the blushing Morn.
19. Cruel Strephon will you leave me?
20. The other Day young Strephon met.
21. I like the Fox shall grieve.
22. Some talk of Alexander.

Printed and Sold in Aldermanry Chnrch Yard, Bow-Lane, London.

LOVE and HONOUR.

Like the man whose soaring soul
Is generous and refin'd :
Whose passions act beneath controle
With Love and Honour join'd ;
The frothy sons of vice and show,
Like shadows and like noise,
Have nothing in themselves we know
That sober sense enjoys.
But pure and constant love endears,
And feasts both ear and sight ;
While ev'ry thing that virtue fears,
Can give no true delight.

A New Flash SONG.

COME all you Buffers gay,
That rumly do pad the City,
Come listen to what I do say,
And it will make you wond'rous witty.
The Praps are at Drury Lane,
And at Covent Garden also,
Therefore I tell you plain,
It will not be safe for to go.
But if after a rum Cull you pad
Pray follow him brave and bold ;
For many a Buffer has been grab'd,
For Fear, as I've been told.
Let your Pal that follows behind,
Tip your Bulk pretty soon ;
And to slap his Whip in Time,
For fear the Cull should be down.
For if the Cull should be down,
And... Ich you a fileing his Bag.
Then at the Old Bailey your found,
And d—m you he'lltip you the Lag.
But if you should flape his staunch Wipe
Then away to the Fence you may go,
From thence to the Ken of one T—,
Where you in full Bumpers may flow.
But now I have finish'd my Rhime,
And of you all must take my leave ;
I would have you to leave o F in Time,
Or they will make your poor hearts
to bleed.

The KING and THORN.

Young Strephon, the artful, the Was the perjur'd betrayer ashame'd of
dangerous swain,

My love and esteem has attempted to
gain ;
With the same wicked arts he so oft had
betray'd,
He thought to seduce one more innocent maid :
But appriz'd of his power, of my weak
nes's aware
I baffled his scheme, and avoided his
snare ;
For virtue I love, and was taught in
my dawn,
When I gather'd a Rose to beware of
a Thorn.
His tears I neglected, his oaths I def.
pis'd,
For his heart by those tears and those
oaths were disguis'd :
What presents he brought me, I chose
to decline,
The prodigal bounty of art and design
He coax'd and he flatter'd, but flatter'd
in vain,
And used each art on my weaknes to
gain ;
Protected by prudence I laugh'd him
to scorn,
Tho' I fancy'd a Rose, yet I dreaded a
Thorn.
He wantonly boasted what nymphs he
had won,
What credulous beauties his arts had
undone ;
He swore that his faith should inviolate
be,
That his heart and those fair ones were
victims to me ;
I despise
Or smell at a rose to be burnt by a thorn.

Was his passion on virtue, not wanton Ye fair take advice
ness built ; And be blest while you may
Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are Each word, look, and action,
profane, Your wishes betray ;
I own I could fancy, could fancy the Give ease to your hearts,
fわain : By the conjugal knot,
But experience has taught me 'tis dan- Tho' they pant e'er so much,
gerous to trust, You know not for what.
And folly to think he can ever be just ; C L O R A.
So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him
with scorn,
Lest I grasp at the Rose and be hurt by S Sweet are the banks, whe
the Thorn. perfumes
The verdant plants and p.

The Panting NYMPH.

WHEN Fanny to Woman
Is growing apace,
The rose-bud is beginning
To blow in her face,
For mamma's wise precepts,
She cares not a jot,
Her heart pants for something,
She cannot tell what.
No sooner the wanton,
Her freedom obtains,
Then among the gay Youths
A tyrant she reigns;
And finding her beauty
Such power had got,
Her heart pants for something,
She cannot tell what.
Tho' all the day in splendor,
She flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play,
Ridotoe, and rout;
Tho' latter'd and envy'd,
Yet pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something,
She cannot tell what,
A touch of the hand,
Or a glance of the eye,
From him she likes best,
Makes her ready to die
Not knowing 'tis Cupid
His arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something,
But cannot tell what.

C L O R A.

Sweet are the banks, when spring
perfumes
The verdant plants and laughing
flowers ;
Fragrant the violet as it blooms,
And sweet the blossom after showers,
Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
That fans the golden orange groves,
But O how sweeter far than these,
The kisses are of her I love.
Ye roses blushing in your beds,
That with your odours scent the air,
Ye lillies chaste with silver heads,
As my Cleora's bosom fair ;
No more I'll court your balmy sweets,
For I, and I alone can prove,
How sweeter, wheresoe'er we meet,
The kisses are of her I love.
Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
Their pleasing lesson first I caught ;
Her sense, her friendship next confin'd,
The willing pupil she had taught.
Should fortune, stooping from the sky,
Conduct me to her bright alcove ;
Yet like the turtle I should die,
Denied the kis of her I love.

*A favourite Duet in the Opera of the
Fairies.*

NOT the silver doves that fly
Yea'k'd in Cytherea's ear a
Are so beauteous to the eyes
Are so choicely match'd by fair

Not the wings that bear aloft
The gay sportive god of loves
Are so lovely bright and soft,
Or with more consent do move;

[4]
JOHN and SUSAN.

H E.

Come thither, sweet Susan, and sit

down by me,

And let us consult on matrimony ;
For thou art my love, my joy, and my
dear,

I pray thee let us be marry'd this year.

S H E.

I pray, honest John, don't talk of such
things,
For marriage both care and sorrow
doth bring ;
Besides, times are hard, and provisi-

ons are dear,

Which makes me loath to be marry'd
this year.

H E.

If times they are hard, and money is
scant,

I will do my endeavour that thou shalt
not want,

And following my calling with dili-
gent care,

I pr'ythee, love, let us be marry'd this
year.

S H E.

For every couple that's marry'd, they
say,

You know that the parson must have
his pay,

Besides other charges that stand us so
dear,

Which makes me loath to be marry'd
this year.

If I should bring children, as I am a-
fraid,

By the birth of each child five shillings
is paid.

There are gossips and nurses that will
stand us dear,

Which makes me loath to be marry'd
this year.

H E.

Did not you promise me long Time a-
goe,

That we should be marry'd before it
was long :

So don't prove inconstant to him that's
thy dear

I pr'ythee, love, let us be marry'd this
Year.

S H E.

I cannot deny these words you relate,
I did make a promise for to be your
mate :

But times are alter'd and all things are
dear,

Which makes me loath to be marry'd
this year.

H E.

Farewel, farewell, since then is it so,
Now I am resolv'd to another I'll go.
For good luck or bad luck I'll never
fear.

For I am resolved to be marry'd this
Year.

S H E.

O stay, John, stay, why in such haste,
I will be your true love as long as life
lasts.

For good luck or bad luck then I'll
never fear.

For I am resolv'd to be marry'd this
Year

H E.

Then all things in order we will pro-
vide,

And in less than ten days I'll make you
my bride.

Then the bells they shall ring, and
musick play clear

For Joy, John and Susan are marry'd
this Year.

The Noon-Tide Air.

Wou'd you taste the Noon-Tide
Air,

To yon shady bower repair,

Where woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine shall shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,

Tinkling, murmuring as it goes

Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phebus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
Stretch'd on sunny hillocks sleep !
While on the hyacinth and rose,
The fair one does alone repose.

All alone, and in her arms,
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till blest and blessing you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

Lovely AMORA.

When Lovely Amora display'd
The beauties and charms
of her mind ;

When Lovely, &c.

With rapt'rous wonder I gaz'd,
And freely my heart I resign'd.

With, &c.

Ye fates, then my passion approve,
Ye powers confine her to me.
I'm lost to all joys but her love,
There's nothing can bless me but the
blessing Amora secures
Real pleasure, content, & true joy ;
Oe founded on Reason endures,
No care can its blessing destroy.
Don't envy ye powers my bliss,
Bestow her, I can ask no more ;
Her endearments exceed ev'ry wish,
'Tis only for her I implore.

The Happy BEE.

As near a fountains flow'ry side,
The bright Celinda lay,
Her looks encreas'd the sumers pride,
Her eyes the blaze of day.
Quick thro' the air to this retreat,
A Bee industrious flew,
Pard to rifle ev'ry sweet,
And sip the balmy dew.
Lawn by the fragrance of her breath
Her rosy Lips he found,
Here he in transport met his death,
And dropt upon the ground.
Joy blest Bee, enjoy thy fate,
Nor at thy fall repine,
One kings would quit their royal state
To share a death like thine.

The Happy Shepherd.

AS Celia near a f'untain lay,
Her eye-lids clos'd to sleep,
The shepherd Damon chanc'd that way
To drive his flock of sheep.

With awful steps he proach'd the fair,
To view her charming face,
Where every feature wore an air,
And ev'ry part a grace.

His heart enflam'd with amorous pain,
Then wish'dt e nymph would wake,
But ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to speak.

As slumbering thus fair Celia lay,
Soft wishes fill'd her mind ;
She cry'd, Young Damon come away,
For now I will be kind.
Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
He flew into her arms ;
He took her in the yielding fit,
And rifled all her charms.

The Questioning MAID.

Gentle Youth, O tell me why
Tears are starting from my eyes ?
When each night with you I part,
Why the sigh that rends my heart ?

Gentle Youth, O tell me true,
If it is the same with you
Tell me when the appoin'd hour,
Calls us to the secret bower,
Singing trembling there I run,
Early as the rising sun.
Tell that hearts for hearts were made,
And Love for Love is only paid ;
That musick should in sound convey
What dying Lovers dare to say.
Tell me when the pain I feel,
Pungent as the wound of steel,
When I feel the tricking smart,
Why I bless the pointed dart ?

The MILK PAIL.

Or half the sky the blushing dawn,
Her purple vest had spread.
When Sally crost the dewey lawn,
With Milk Pail on her head,
Her brow as month of April sweet,
Her cheeks were rosy red.

Her dres was white, and lovely neat,
As Milk Pail on her head.
While nymphs who breathe the city air
Their mornings waste in bed ;
Young Sally sings as sky lark clear,
With Milk Pail on her head.
Her sloe black eyes their lustre take
From virtue only bred,
Her bosom ne'er felt conscious ache,
Since Milk Pail gric'd her head.
For courtly Dames I ne'er shall fret,
But, ah ! would Sally wed,
I'd b'less the spot where first we met.
With Milk Pail on her head.

Greenwood SHADE

TO an arbour of woodbines ye both
shall be led, [grass for your bed,
Soft leaves for your pillow, green
White uanton young sparrows chirp
over your head.

All under the Greenwood Shade.
When the moon with pale luſtire just peeps

[thro' the grove,
And nightengales answer the chaste
turle dove, [her true love.

The maid without blushing shall clasp
All under the Greenwood Shade.

Our pleasne, quite harmless, begins
with the day, [gay,
We ever are buxom, we ever are
No virgin disembles, or shepherds be-
tray.

All under the Greenwood Shade.
Though frowns for awhile arm the
[face of the fair

Yet soon our young lover forges all
his care, [despair.

And Phillis cries, Do not, oh do not
All under the Greenwood Shade.

A new Song.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor freedom lost her seat.
The Gorbie mantle spread a night,

That damp'd fair virtue's sacred light
The Muses lost their mate.
Where should they wander ? what new
Had yet a laurel left in store ? (Ho
To this bleſt Isle they steer :
Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
Soon virtue's sacred form appear'd,
And freedom soon was born.
The lazy monk has left his cell ;
Religion rings her hallow'd bell ;
She calls Thee now by Me :
Hark her sweet voice all plaintive sound
See, she receives a thousand wounds !
If shielded not by Thee !

The Faithleſs Confidant.

BRITTLE substance, light as air,
Emblem of the inconstant fair ;
Shou'd a lover trust you, say,
Wou'd you kindly ne'er betray ?
Tell me, could you silent hear
Whose enchanting bonds I wear ?
Yet I dare not own my love,
Lest a traytor you shou'd prove.
Echo not one plaintive sigh.
While the tender Cælia's nigh ;
Did I speak her gentle name ?
Yet I can't my breath reclaim.
Never more may swain imparte
Thus the secrets of his heart
For whate'er our thoughts convey
Glaſs will glory to betray.

The Generous Coufession.

OLET me uncler'd declare
The dictates of my breſt ;
My Thy sis reigns unriv'l'd there,
An ever welcome guest.

No more our sp̄itely nymphs I mee
But ſeek the lonely grove,
There, ſighing to myself repeat
Some tender tale of Love.

When abſent from my longing sight,
He is my conſtant theme,
His shadowy form appears by night,
And shapes the morning diem.
Ye po'eſs Virgins of the plain,
Deem not my words too free ;
For 'ere my paſſion you arraign,
You muſt have lov'd like me.

The Unfortunate M A I D.

N Sheffield Park there liv'd and
dwell'd,

young man fair, I lov'd him well,
He courted me my love to gain,

left me in grief and full of pain :
and when that I did send for him.

He laugh'd and said how fond I'd been
And from my company would part,

His words went bleeding to my heart.

I went up stairs unto my bed,
laid me down but nothing said ;

My mistress came to me and said,
Pray what's the matter with my maid?

O mistress, you do little know,

What grief and sorrow I undergo ;

Come lay your hand upon my breast,

My panting heart can find no rest.

My mistress cries, What shall I do ? Some help I'll have for you just now.

No help, no help, no help I crave,

A young man sends me to the grave.

Take you this letter into your hand,

And read it, that you may understand;

Carry it to him just now with speed,

Give it to him if he can read.

He took this letter immediately,
And read it o'er while she stood by ;

Then he did this letter burn,

Lest her in grief to make her moan ;

She wrung her hands and tore her hair

Crying, I shall fall into despair,

O fatal death come pity me,

And ease me of my misery.

The Whistling Ploughman,

THE Whistling Ploughman hails
the blushing Morn,

The Thrush melodious drowns the
rustic Note.

Loud sings the Black Bird thro' re-
ounding Groves,

Ard the Lark soars to meet the ris-
ing Sun.

away : the Copse, to the Copse lead
away,

And now my Boys throw off the
Hounds,

I'll warrant he'll shew us some Play,
See yonder he skulks through the
Grounds.

Then spur your brisk Coursers, and
smoak them, my Bloods,

'Tis a delicate scent lying Morn ;
What Concert is equal to those of the
Woods,

Betwixt Eccho, the Hounds, and the
Horn.

Each Earth see he tries at in vain,

To cover no Safety can find ;

So he breaks it, and scours amain,

And leaves us at Distance behind.

O'er Rocks, and o'er Hedges, and
Rivers we fly,

All Hazard and Danger we scorn :
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that
we die, -

Chear up my good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce peeps thro' the dale
All parch'd from his Mouth hangs

his Tongue,

His Speed can no longer prevail,

Nor his cunning his life can prolong.
From our staunch and fleet Pack, 'twas

in vain that he fled,

See his Brush falls, bemir'd, forlorn :
The Farmer with Pleasure behold him
lie dead,

And shout to the sound of the Horn.

R O N D E A U.

Cruel Strephon, will you leave me ?
Will you prove yourself so swort,

Can, ah, can you thus deceive me ?

Can you treat my Love w^th scorn,

O behold your Chloe pleading,

Turn and see your once lov'd Maids,

Let soft Pity interced n^r,

Ease a heart your Vows betray'd.

Must I hop-less pine and languish,

Frenzy size my tortur'd brain ?

See he triumphs in my Anguish !

See he glories in my Pain

The Maiden's Wish.

THE other day young Strephon met
Me in a lonely grove,
Upon the verdant turf he sat,
And told fine tales of love ;
He squeeze'd my hand with ardent zeal,
I felt the thrilling touch,
Young love thro' ev'ry vein did steal,
All maids would feel as much.
Of ev'ry flower then he stole,
A pleasing wreath to bring,
Compos'd of all that May unfolds,
The gayest charms of spring
Compares the snow-drop to my skin :
The roses to my blush ;
If this is flatt'ry, sure 'tis kind,
All maids would wish as much.
From all he cull'd a branch of bays,
Then on my breast reclin'd ;
He swore 'twas emblem of that praise
Which beamed from my mind :
For Virtue there, he cry'd, innate,
Few maids can boast of such,
Then kiss my cheeks and blest his fate,
What maid won't wish as much.
Eye shepherd, 'tis too much I vow,
I durst not yet consent.
Cries he, What can prevent us now ?
And wonder'd what I meant !
So sweet his suit, so gay his air,
I yielded to his touch,
Nor could I longer cry Forbear,
What maid won't do as much.

A New SONG.

I Like the Fox shall grieve,
Whose Mate hath left her Side,
Whom Hounds from Morn to Eve,
Chase o'er the Country wide.
Where can my Lover hide ?
Where cheat the weary Pack ?
If Love be not his Guide,
He never will come back !

British Grenadiers.

SOME talk of Alexander,
and some of Hercules,
Of Conon and Lysander,
and some Miltiades ;
But of all the World's brave Heroes,
there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
to the British Grenadiers.

CHORUS.

But of all the World's brave Heroes,
there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
to the British Grenadiers.
But of all the World's brave Heroes,
there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
to the British Grenadiers.

None of those antient Heroes
e'er saw a Cannon Ball,
Nor knew the Force of powder,
to slay their Foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it,
and banish all their Fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
the British Grenadiers.

Chorus. But our brave Boys, &c.
Whene'er we are commanded
to storm the palisades,
Our Leaders march with Fusées,
and we with Hand Grenades,
We throw them from the Glacis
about our Enemies Ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
the British Grenadiers.

Chorus. We throw them, &c.

The God of War is pleased,
and great Bellona smiles,
To see these noble Heroes
of our British Isles ;
And all the Gods celestial,
descending from their Spheres,
Behold with Admiration
the British Grenadiers.

Chorus. And all the Gods celestial, &c.